

Orange

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Summary:

Richie is colour blind, but his favourite colour is orange.

Orange

Author's Note:

just something short and cute revolving around
Richie being colour blind.

Richie loved the rainbow, despite not being able to see it. Not only did Richie just have bad vision, he also had astigmatism and full-colour blindness. That didn't stop him from admiring all the colours the world had to offer, though. Richie Tozier was never one to let minor inconveniences like his inability to see hue disrupt his enjoyment of a rainbow after it rains. His favourite colour was orange, but we'll get into that later.

The day Richie learned about red was his first Fourth of July celebration with his friends. Bill Denbrough brought him a balloon, and Richie asked him what colour it was.

"Red." Bill told him.

"What does red look like?" Richie asked him.

Bill mulled that over in his head, trying to figure out what red looked like; How to describe it to someone who has never seen it before.

But through an array of studders, Bill told him that red was powerful. It's loud, and it's angry. Red means danger, but it also means love. It's the blood that courses through our veins, it's the colour of Richie's own bicycle. It's hot, it's fire, it's passion.

Eddie is the one to tell him about blue. At the quarry, Richie and Eddie sit up on the shore while the others splash about.

"What colour is the water, Eds?" Richie asked.

"It's blue." Eddie replied.

He then quickly remembers that blue means nothing to Richie. So he tells him that blue is sad. It's cold, and it's sad. But it's also calm because it's the colour of water and the sky. It's refreshing.

"So it looks how it feels? The water, I mean." Richie asked.

"Yes." Eddie confirmed.

Ben tells him about green.

"I love spring," Ben had said. "The colours are so vibrant this time of year."

"Colours like what?" Richie asked.

Ben looks around, and he says, "Like green."

"Green. Tell me about it."

So Ben tells him about how green means spring. It means new life. Plants and leaves are green. Sometimes, in the right light, water can be green (This confuses Richie, but he continues to listen anyway). Green fresh and bright. It's the colour of Beverly's eyes.

"Beverly, is that true?" Richie asked upon being told this. "Your eyes are green?"

"Hazel." She refined.

"What the fuck is hazel?"

Beverly laughs, and she explains that hazel is like a mix of green and brown. Which then leads into her explaining brown to be warm. Brown is warm. It's natural. It's the colour of strong tree trunks, and the colour of Richie's own eyes. It's cozy. She tells him it's the colour of Mike's skin.

"I knew he looked darker than the rest of you." Richie joked.

Mike explained yellow to him. Yellow is the sun. Yellow is the colour of life. It's the colour that the leaves turn in the fall. It's happy, and it's loud - like red - but it's a more gentle loud. Like a loud burst of laughter. Pleasant and welcoming.

Orange, though. Orange was special. Stanley had reluctantly allowed Richie to join him on a bird-watching expedition. To his surprise,

Richie could actually remain silent if he absolutely had to. That is, until Richie got curious.

"Orange." He stated plainly.

"Orange?" Stanley repeated back.

"Yea, orange. It's the only colour I don't know."

So Stanley sighed, and he put his notebook down and he thought.

Orange is warm. It's not like brown, though. Brown is the warmth you find in the winter. Orange is summer. Orange is the simple radiance of warmth. Orange is a sunset.

"A sunset?"

"Yea, you know, when the sun sets. The sky turns like, orange and red and stuff."

"Okay, continue."

Stanley looked at Richie.

"You're orange." He said.

Alarmed, Richie furrowed his brow. "I'm orange?"

"You're warm. You're comfortable. You're kind of beautiful too, like a sunset." Stanley explained.

Richie's cheeks warm.

"Your cheeks are red."

"What?"

"A blush is red." Stanley told him.

Richie stared at Stanley. "What colour are your eyes, Stanley?"

"Brown. Like your's." Stanley responded.

Richie kissed Stanley. A kiss was a lot of colours. It was warm like brown, the comfort you find in something cold. It was green because it felt like new life in some weird way. It was calm like blue. It was red because it made the blood in Richie's veins boil. It was yellow; Pleasant and welcoming.

Stanley, though, Richie decided was orange.